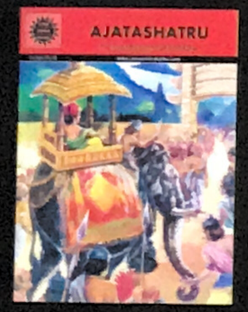
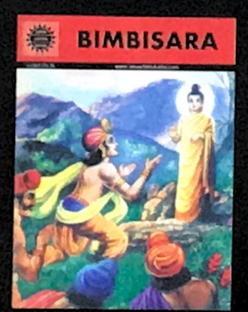
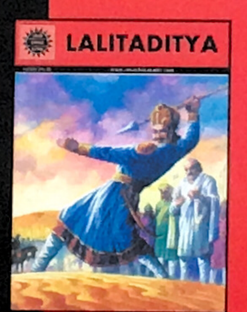
SHALIVAHANA

As a little boy Shatakarni, or Shalivahana as he was later called, watched helplessly as he and his widowed mother were thrown out of their house by his father's brothers. Sheltered by a potter the boy grew up with the prophecy of a wandering sage ringing in his ears that he would one day become king. The Sanskrit classic, Kathasaritasagar and Vikrama Charita, from which most of this story is taken, traces the path that made Shalivahana so powerful that an entire era, the Shalivahana Shaka, was named after him.

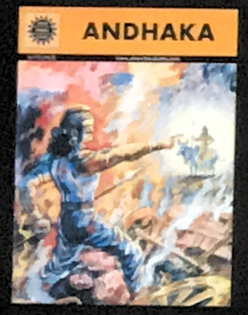
OTHER ACK BRAVEHEARTS:



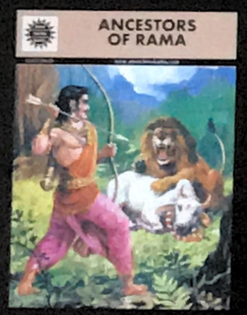




ALSO LOOK FOR:

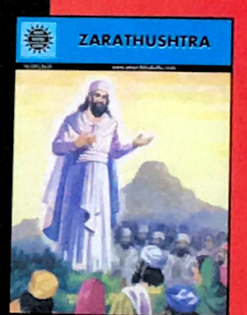


EPICS & MYTHOLOGY



INDIAN CLASSICS

FABLES & HUMOUR



VISIONARIES

Buy online at www.amarchitrakatha.com

"Amar Chitra Kathas are a glorious tribute to India's rich cultural heritage. These books have been an integral part of my children's early years, as they have been for many other families across India. Comics are a great way of reaching out to children, inculcating reading habits and driving their quest to learn more about our roots."

- NARAYAN MURTHY, CHIEF MENTOR, INFOSYS

BRAVEHEARTS

ISBN 81-8482-144-1

AMAR CHITRA KATHA

SHALIVAHANA

THE MAN WHO STARTED AN ERA

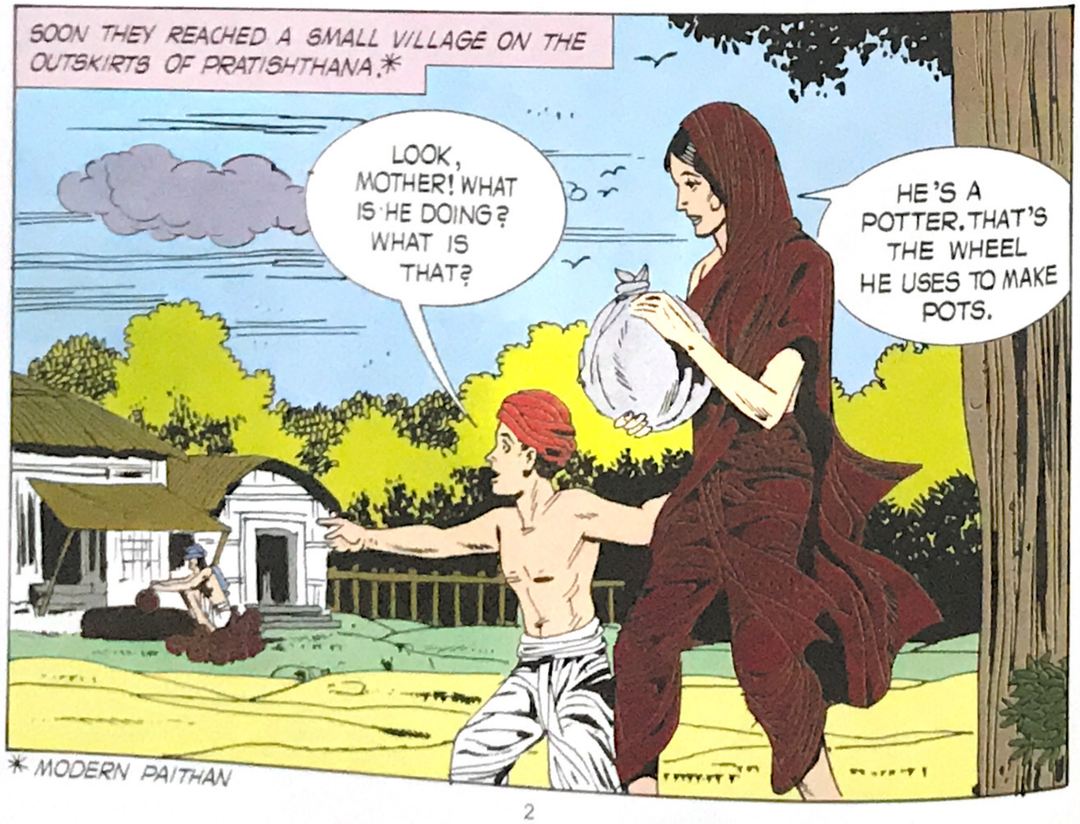
Vol 638 | ₹50

SHALIVAHANA

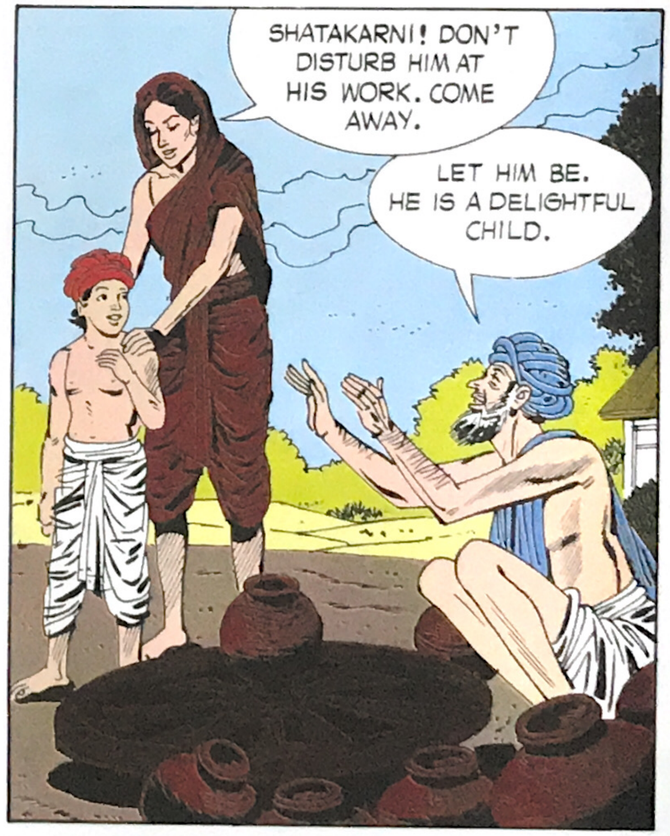
SOON AFTER HER HUSBAND'S DEATH, GAUTAMI AND HER SON, SHATAKARNI, WERE TURNED OUT OF THEIR HOME BY HER BROTHERS.

MOTHER, WHY DID THEY THROW OUT OUR BELONGINGS? WHY ARE THEY LOCKING US OUT?

BECAUSE THEY DON'T WANT US HERE, MY SON.


SOON THEY REACHED A SMALL VILLAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PRATISHTHANA.*
LOOK, MOTHER! WHAT IS HE DOING? WHAT IS THAT?
HE'S A POTTER. THAT'S THE WHEEL HE USES TO MAKE POTS.

*MODERN PAITHAN



HIS KINDNESS AND CONCERN WERE TOO MUCH FOR GAUTAMI AFTER THE HARSHNESS OF HER OWN KIN. SHE BROKE DOWN.

NOW, NOW. DON'T WEEP. COME IN AND TELL ME WHAT THE MATTER IS. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU.

LATER, WHEN GAUTAMI TOLD HIM HER TALE —

WHY DON'T YOU STAY HERE WITH ME? I AM OLD AND LONELY. THE LITTLE ONE COULD HELP ME AND LEARN A TRADE.

MOTHER, LET US STAY HERE. PLEASE.

I AM GRATEFUL TO YOU.

LITTLE SHATAKARNI SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME WITH THE POTTER.

GRANDFATHER, WHEN WILL YOU TEACH ME TO WORK AT THE WHEEL?

IF YOU WANT TO BECOME A POTTER, YOU MUST FIRST LEARN HOW TO KNEAD CLAY AND FIRE POTS IN THE FURNACE.

ONE HOT DAY, A WANDERING SADHU STOPPED AT THE POTTER'S HUT.

SON, MAY I HAVE SOME WATER TO DRINK?

IN A MOMENT, HOLY ONE!

WHILE SHATAKARNI WENT INTO THE HUT—

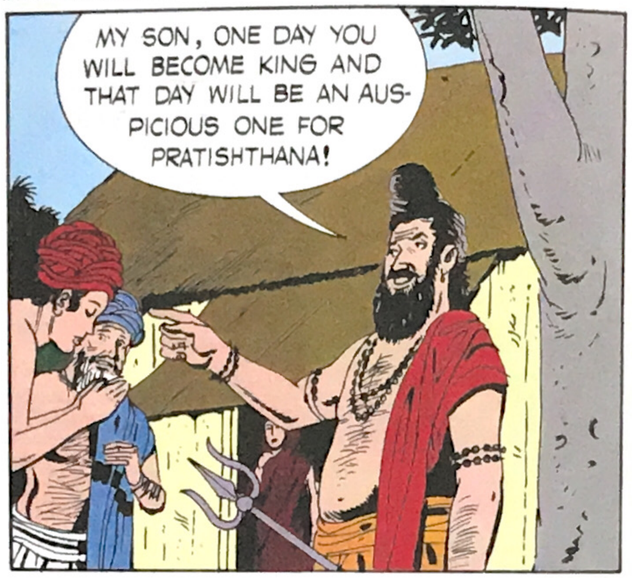
BUT FOR THE DACOITS, PRATISHTHANA WOULD BE ONE OF THE BEST CITIES THAT I HAVE PASSED THROUGH.

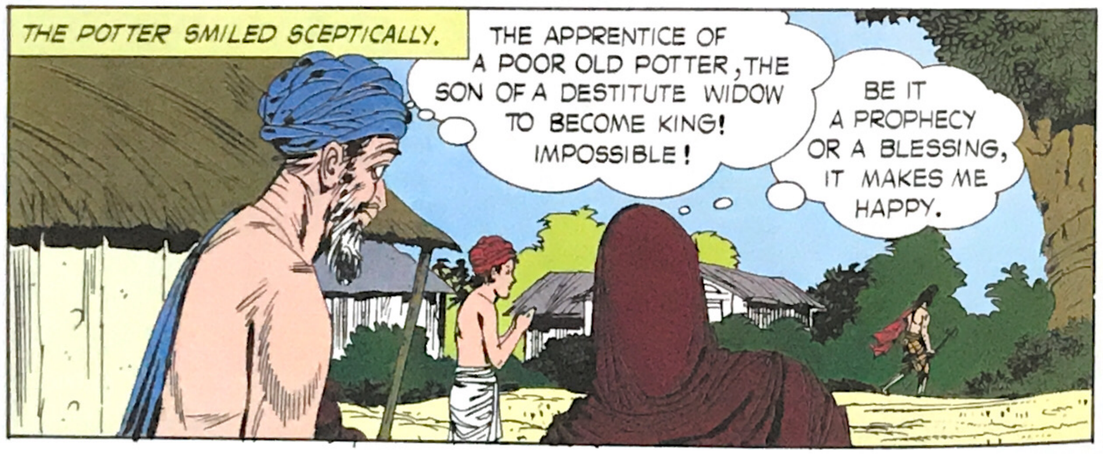
I KNOW. IT'S A SHAME. I'VE SEEN MANY SEASONS; BUT THE CITY HAS NOT YET SEEN A SOUL VALIANT ENOUGH TO FIGHT AND VANQUISH THE DACOITS.

JUST THEN SHATAKARNI CAME UP WITH SOME WATER.

QUENCH YOUR THIRST, HOLY ONE!

WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, HOLY ONE?


MY SON, ONE DAY YOU WILL BECOME KING AND THAT DAY WILL BE AN AUSPICIOUS ONE FOR PRATISHTHANA!

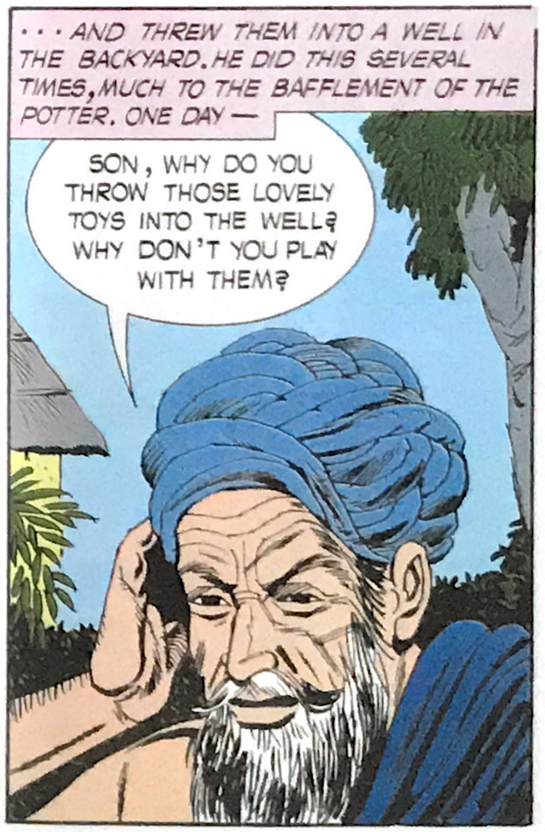

THE POTTER SMILED SCEPTICALLY.
THE APPRENTICE OF A POOR OLD POTTER, THE SON OF A DESTITUTE WIDOW TO BECOME KING! IMPOSSIBLE!
BE IT A PROPHECY OR A BLESSING, IT MAKES ME HAPPY.

BUT LITTLE SHATAKARNI TOOK THE SADHU'S WORDS SERIOUSLY.
IF I AM TO BE KING, I MUST HAVE AN ARMY OF SOLDIERS, CHARIOTS HORSES AND ELEPHANTS!

AND SHATAKARNI BEGAN TO SHAPE HIS ARMY OF CLAY FIGURES.
AH! THESE ARE READY. WHILE THEY DRY IN THE SUN, I'LL COLLECT BITS OF DRY WOOD AND TWIGS.

AFTER DRYING THEM IN THE SUN, HE BAKED THEM IN THE FURNACE USING THE WOOD AND TWIGS FOR FUEL. THE POTTER WATCHED HIM PROUDLY.
HOW PERFECT THE IMAGES ARE! THE BOY CERTAINLY HAS DEFT FINGERS!

SHATAKARNI THEN TOOK OUT THE BAKED TERRA-COTTA IMAGES . . .


. . . AND THREW THEM INTO A WELL IN THE BACKYARD. HE DID THIS SEVERAL TIMES, MUCH TO THE BAFFLEMENT OF THE POTTER. ONE DAY —
SON, WHY DO YOU THROW THOSE LOVELY TOYS INTO THE WELL? WHY DON'T YOU PLAY WITH THEM?

THEY ARE NOT TOYS, GRANDFATHER. THEY ARE THE SOLDIERS, CHARIOTS AND ANIMALS THAT I'M GOING TO NEED WHEN I BECOME KING. I'M PRESERVING THEM HERE TILL THEN.

THE CHILD HAS TAKEN THE SADHU'S WORDS SERIOUSLY!

BUT WHEN THE POTTER SAW THE EARNESTNESS AND SIMPLE FAITH OF THE CHILD, HE HID THE SMILE THAT CAME TO HIS LIPS AND SWALLOWED THE WORDS THAT ALMOST TUMBLED OUT. INSTEAD—

TRUE, MY SON. YOU ARE GOING TO NEED THEM. AND WHAT BETTER PLACE, TO PRESERVE THEM IN, THAN THIS WELL!

THE YEARS WENT BY. SHATAKARNI, NOW A YOUNG LAD, WAS A GREAT HELP TO THE AGING POTTER. HE SAT AT THE WHEEL FROM DAWN WITHOUT GETTING UP TILL THE POTTER GAVE HIM LEAVE TO DO SO. ONE DAY—

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY, SON. YOU MAY GO AND PLAY NOW.

SHATAKARNI RAN OFF TO JOIN THE BOISTEROUS BOYS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE NEXT MOMENT, SHATAKARNI WAS SITTING ASTRIDE HIS FAVOURITE BRANCH OF A STURDY SHALI TREE.

I AM A KING AND THIS IS MY VAHANA!*

A SHALI BRANCH FOR A VAHANA! THE GREAT SHALIVAHANA卐!

HAIL KING SHALIVAHANA!

BORN TO VANQUISH THE DACOITS OF PRATISHTHANA!

AND I WILL, TOO. JUST WAIT TILL I'M OLDER AND STRONGER.

THEN WE WILL BE YOUR AIDES!

* VEHICLE 卐 ONE WHO HAS A SHALI TREE AS A VAHANA

LATER —

KING SHALIVAHANA IS OUT TO SEE THAT ALL IS WELL IN HIS CITY.

HA! HA! SHALIVAHANA! THAT'S A FINE NAME.

AND THE NAME STUCK.

AS SHALIVAHANA GREW OLDER, HIS LEISURE HOURS WERE SPENT WITH HIS COMPANIONS IN THE BUSY STREETS OF PRATISHTHANA. ONE SUCH EVENING —

SH! WAIT! THOSE MEN LOOK SUSPICIOUS. LET'S GO CLOSER AND LISTEN TO WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.

AS THEY DREW NEARER —

THEY'RE DACOITS!

THE MERCHANT, SUVARNA'S CARAVAN LEAVES TONIGHT! AND LOADED TOO!

SEND WORD TO THE OTHERS TO GET READY FOR THE LOOT.

THAT NIGHT, AS THE DACOITS ATTACKED THE MERCHANT'S CARAVAN—

LEAVE HIM ALONE!

IT WAS SHALIVAHANA AND HIS FRIENDS. THEY BEAT UP THE DACOITS.

AS THE MISCREANTS TOOK TO THEIR HEELS —

GOD BLESS YOU.

LATER, AT THE DACOITS' HIDEOUT—

WE MUST TEACH THAT BUSYBODY, SHALIVAHANA, A LESSON. HE IS THE LEADER.

WE MUST GET RID OF HIM. IT WON'T BE DIFFICULT.

ONE EVENING, AS SHALIVAHANA AND HIS FRIENDS WERE RETURNING HOME —

IT'S THOSE DACOITS!

THEY HAVE DAGGERS AND KNIVES!

SHALIVAHANA AND HIS FRIENDS HOWEVER DID NOT FLINCH. THEY FOUGHT BRAVELY.

SOON —

WE UNDERESTIMATED THEM! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

AFTER THIS INCIDENT, SHALIVAHANA ARMED HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS WITH SWORDS, SPEARS AND DAGGERS. HE ORGANISED A REGULAR PATROL TO KEEP PRATISHTHANA SAFE AND PEACEFUL.

THE PEOPLE OF PRATISHTHANA ENCOURAGED AND HELPED THEM. ONE EVENING —

SHALIVAHANA, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS HAVE BROUGHT PROSPERITY TO OUR CITY. IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU?

ALL WE NEED IS YOUR SUPPORT TO GET RID OF THOSE DACOITS.

THE PROSPEROUS TRADERS SHOWERED GIFTS ON SHALIVAHANA.

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS HORSE.

THESE SWORDS ARE FOR YOU—FROM THE BLACKSMITHS.

THE DACOITS WERE ALARMED BY THESE DEVELOPMENTS.

NOW SHALIVAHANA HAS ARMS AND HORSES AS WELL!

HE WILL PUT US OUT OF BUSINESS. HE MUST BE FINISHED.

BUT HOW? HE IS STRONGER THAN WE ARE.

NOT CLEVERER, THOUGH!

THE DACOITS DISGUISED THEMSELVES AS MERCHANTS AND WENT TO THE COURT OF KING NAHAPANA, THE SUZERAIN OF PRATISHTHANA.

SIR, A POTTER CALLED SHALIVAHANA PERSECUTES INNOCENT CITIZENS AND···

AND WHAT? SPEAK UP, MAN!

PARDON US, SIR. HE SAYS, HE WILL SOON DETHRONE YOU.

HE WILL, WILL HE? THE IMPUDENT POTTER!

THE VERY NEXT DAY, KING NAHAPANA LEFT FOR PRATISHTHANA.

AT PRATISHTHANA—

HAVE YOU HEARD? KING NAHAPANA IS MARCHING TOWARDS PRATISHTHANA WITH A HUGE ARMY!

I SUGGEST, WE SEEK THE HELP OF KING VIKRAMADITYA OF UJJAYINI.

IF WE DO, HE MIGHT ANNEXE PRATISHTHANA. NO, WE SHALL NOT SEEK OUTSIDE HELP.

YOUR DECISION IS WISE. WHAT IF WE ARE FEW IN NUMBER? THE PEOPLE ARE WITH US. WITH THEIR SUPPORT, WE'LL REPULSE THE ATTACK.

MOST OF THE MEN OF PRATISHTHANA RALLIED ROUND SHALIVAHANA AND LAY WAITING BEHIND TREES AND ROCKS ALONG THE ROUTE TO THE CITY.

AS SOON AS THE APPROACHING ARMY WAS SIGHTED—

CHARGE!

NAHAPANA AND HIS MEN WERE TAKEN UNAWARES.

IN THE BLOODY BATTLE THAT ENSUED, NAHAPANA WAS KILLED.

VICTORY TO SHALIVAHANA!

WHEN SHALIVAHANA RETURNED TO PRATISHTHANA —

LONG LIVE KING SHALIVAHANA!

MY SON! MY NOBLE SON!

WHEN SHALIVAHANA ASCENDED THE THRONE AT PRATISHTHANA, THE SCHOLARS, SARVA VARMA AND GUNADHYA BECAME HIS MINISTERS.

ONCE, WHILE HE WAS OUT ON A HUNT WITH GUNADHYA, THEY CAME ACROSS A SAGE OUTSIDE HIS HERMITAGE. THE SAGE BLESSED THEM.

MAY YOUR REIGN BE A LONG AND PEACEFUL ONE, SHALIVAHANA.

HE THEN TOOK THEM INTO HIS HUT.

WHAT A RADIANT FACE SHE HAS! HER EYES SHINE WITH INTELLIGENCE!

WHO IS SHE, REVERED ONE?

SHE IS MY DISCIPLE. HER NAME IS NAGANIKA. SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF A NAGA CHIEF. AN EXCEPTIONALLY CLEVER GIRL!

AS SHALIVAHANA RODE AWAY FROM THE HERMITAGE —

LATER AT THE PALACE —

I CAN'T GET THAT GIRL OUT OF MY MIND.

I'LL SPEAK TO HER FATHER. THE KINGDOM NEEDS A QUEEN.

NAGANIKA'S FATHER READILY AGREED TO THE PROPOSAL, AND SHALIVAHANA AND NAGANIKA WERE MARRIED.

WELCOME HOME, MY CHILDREN. MAY YOU ALWAYS BE PROSPEROUS AND ENJOY A LONG LIFE TOGETHER.

A FEW DAYS LATER, AS THE YOUNG COUPLE WERE BATHING IN THE PALACE POOL —

MODAKA···!

IMMEDIATELY THE KING TURNED TO HIS ATTENDANTS.

THE QUEEN WISHES TO EAT MODAKA*. HAVE SOME BROUGHT HERE.

*A SWEERMEAT

NAGANIKA BURST OUT LAUGHING.

HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HO!

I DIDN'T ASK FOR MODAKA! I MADE A PUN ON THE WORDS **MA*** AND **UDAKA**.卐

MY IGNORANCE SHAMES ME, MY QUEEN. YOU DESERVED A SCHOLAR FOR A HUSBAND. NOT A FOOL LIKE ME!

NEVER SAY THAT AGAIN, MY LORD. I AM PROUD TO BE YOUR WIFE AND I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART.

NAGANIKA'S WORDS, HOWEVER, DID NOT SOOTHE HIS WOUNDED FEELINGS.

IF I HAD LEARNT SANSKRIT, I WOULD NOT HAVE MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF TODAY. I WILL LEARN THE LANGUAGE.

*NO 卐 WATER HENCE MODAKA = DON'T SPLASH WATER.

HE SENT FOR HIS LEARNED MINISTERS.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO LEARN SANSKRIT, GUNADHYA?

IT USUALLY TAKES TWELVE YEARS. BUT YOU COULD DO IT IN SIX.

AND WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY, SARVA VARMA?

I CAN TEACH IT TO YOU IN SIX MONTHS, MY LORD.

IT'S A VAIN BOAST, MY LORD! IF I AM PROVED WRONG, I SHALL FOREVER GIVE UP SPEAKING SANSKRIT AS WELL AS PRAKRIT.*

SARVA VARMA AND HIS PUPIL WORKED HARD DAY AND NIGHT.

* THE SPOKEN LANGUAGE OF THOSE DAYS

SIX MONTHS LATER, THE KING APPEARED BEFORE THE SCHOLARS OF THE COURT AND ADDRESSED THEM IN FLAWLESS SANSKRIT.

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

AT THE END OF THE SESSION, GUNADHYA WENT UP TO THE KING...

...BOWED BEFORE HIM...

...AND TURNED TO WALK AWAY.

GUNADHYA! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

HOW CAN I REPLY? I HAVE VOWED NOT TO SPEAK IN THE ONLY LANGUAGES I KNOW! AND PAISHACHI* WHICH THE KING KNOWS, I DON'T.

* THE LANGUAGE OF THE PAISHACHA TRIBE

A FEW MONTHS LATER, TWO PAISHACHAS CALLED ON SHALIVAHANA.

YOUR MAJESTY, WE BRING YOU THIS GREAT PAISHACHI CLASSIC, **BRIHATKATHA** WRITTEN BY OUR GURU.

A CLASSIC IN THAT CRUDE UNREFINED LANGUAGE? YOU MAY TAKE IT BACK. I DON'T HAVE THE TIME FOR IT.

SOON AFTER, SHALIVAHANA FELL ILL. THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN SENT FOR THE COOK.

THE KING HAS BEEN EATING INFERIOR MEAT.

WE COOK WHAT THE HUNTERS SUPPLY, SIR.

WHEN THE HUNTERS WERE SUMMONED—

IT'S THAT BRAHMAN IN THE VINDHYA FOREST! HE READS OUT HIS VERSES AND ALL THE ANIMALS STOP TO LISTEN, OBLIVIOUS OF HUNGER AND THIRST. THAT'S WHAT HAS MADE THEM LEAN AND UNHEALTHY!

HE MUST BE A GREAT SAGE! I MUST VISIT HIM.

SHALIVAHANA WENT TO THE FOREST. AS HE HEARD THE HERMIT RECITE HIS COMPOSITIONS—

WHY, I NEVER DREAMT THAT PAISHACHI COULD SOUND SO MUSICAL!

SUDDENLY—

HE'S THROWING THAT PALM LEAF INTO THE FIRE!

STOP!

AS SHALIVAHANA RUSHED FORWARD TO WREST THE PALM LEAF MANUSCRIPT FROM THE HERMIT—

GUNADHYA! YOU?

GUNADHYA SMILED SADLY AND SPOKE TO SHALIVAHANA IN PAISHACHI.

YES, I LEARNT PAISHACHI HERE IN THE FOREST AND COMPOSED THE BRIHATKATHA FOR YOU.

SADDENED BY YOUR REJECTION, I HAVE BEEN DESTROYING MY WORK.

WHAT A CONCEITED FOOL I HAVE BEEN! PARDON ME, GUNADHYA. PLEASE LET ME HAVE WHAT IS LEFT OF YOUR GREAT WORK.

TAKE IT, MY KING. IT IS FOR YOU.

WHY DON'T YOU RETURN TO THE PALACE WITH ME, GUNADHYA?

NO, MY KING. I HAVE FULFILLED MY DESTINY. I WOULD NOW LIKE TO DEPART FROM THIS EARTH.

THE KING HAD TO RETURN TO THE CAPITAL ALONE.

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE COURT OF KING VIKRAMADITYA OF UJJAYINI, AN ASTROLOGER ASTOUNDED EVERYONE BY HIS PREDICTION.

SIR, YOU WILL BE DEFEATED AND KILLED BY A YOUNG KING, A POTTER BY UPBRINGING, WHO NOW LIVES IN THE SOUTH.

VIKRAMADITYA IMMEDIATELY SENT FOR HIS DEMON-SLAVE, A VETALA.

TRACK THAT MAN DOWN AND KILL HIM.

IT SHALL BE DONE, MY LORD.

THE VETALA REACHED PRATISHTHANA WHERE HE HEARD ABOUT THE EXPLOITS OF THE KING WHO WAS ONCE A POTTER.

PEOPLE HERE EXTOL THIS KING EVEN AS WE DO VIKRAMADITYA. IF THE TALES OF HIS GLORY AND GREATNESS ARE TRUE, HE IS WITHOUT DOUBT A THREAT TO MY KING.

THE VETALA ENTERED THE COURT OF SHALIVAHANA.

I COME FROM VIKRAMADITYA'S COURT. YOU WERE NOT BORN OF A ROYAL FAMILY. BUT IF YOU ARE A TRUE KING, I CHALLENGE YOU TO A WRESTLING BOUT.

I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE.

THE VETALA SPRANG FORWARD AND...

...LIFTING SHALIVAHANA...

...THREW HIM TO THE GROUND.

BUT SHALIVAHANA FELL ON HIS FEET AND QUICKLY ROSE UP TO FACE THE VETALA ONCE AGAIN.

MERCY, O KING! YOU HAVE WON.

THIS IS THE VERY MAN, THE POTTER, WHO IS DESTINED TO DEFEAT KING VIKRAMADITYA.

AND IN A FAIR BOUT. LEAVE MY KINGDOM AND DON'T DARE COME HERE AGAIN!

THE VETALA RETURNED TO VIKRAMADITYA'S COURT.

I HAVE FOUND THE POTTER. HE IS NONE OTHER THAN KING SHALIVAHANA. BUT I COULD NOT KILL HIM. HE DEFEATED ME IN A FAIR FIGHT.

DEFEATED YOU? THEN I MUST VANQUISH HIM!

WHEN NEWS OF VIKRAMADITYA'S IMPENDING ATTACK REACHED PRATISHTHANA—

PREPARE TO GIVE BATTLE. HE IS A MIGHTY FOE.

NOT TOO MIGHTY FOR US, YOUR MAJESTY!

BEFORE LEAVING, SHALIVAHANA WENT TO SEEK HIS MOTHER'S BLESSINGS.

VICTORY SHALL BE YOURS.

AT THE HEAD OF HIS COMPARATIVELY SMALL ARMY, SHALIVAHANA MARCHED FORTH TO FACE THE MIGHTY VIKRAMADITYA AND HIS VAST ARMIES.

SOON, THE TWO ARMIES STOOD FACE TO FACE. VIKRAMADITYA TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE FORCES OF HIS ENEMY.

SO THAT'S THE KING AND THAT HIS ARMY! HA! HA! THEY DO FRIGHTEN ME!

SHALIVAHANA HAS INVITED HIS DOOM.

ATTACK!

THE TWO ARMIES MET AND A BLOODY BATTLE ENSUED.

MY MEN ARE FALLING ONE BY ONE. WHAT SHALL WE DO?

MEANWHILE IN THE SEVERAL VILLAGES AND TOWNS NEAR BY—

OUR KING NEEDS US. RISE TO THE OCCASION, EVERY MAN AMONG YOU!

ON TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

MEN MARCHED TO THE BATTLE-FIELD FROM EVERY DIRECTION.

GLORY TO KING SHALIVAHANA!

VICTORY SHALL BE OURS.

LOOK! MY LORD! MORE OF THEM!

WE HAVE UNDER-ESTIMATED HIS STRENGTH!

WHERE HAVE THEY COME FROM?

WHILE SHALIVAHANA WAS PUZZLED, VIKRAMADITYA WAS DISMAYED.

SHALIVAHANA IS A SLY ONE!

VIKRAMADITYA'S FORCES STARTED RETREATING.

WHERE DID OUR KING SHALIVAHANA POST ALL THESE FORCES? AND THOSE WAR ANIMALS?

I CANNOT BUT BELIEVE THAT THE IMAGES HE MADE AS A CHILD HAVE COME TO LIFE TO AID HIM.

AT LAST VIKRAMADITYA FELL.

LONG LIVE SHALIVAHANA!

LONG LIVE THE KING OF KINGS!

AT UJJAYINI, AS SHALIVAHANA ASCENDED THE THRONE OF VIKRAMADITYA—

TO COMMEMORATE OUR GREAT VICTORY, THIS DAY SHALL MARK THE COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW ERA— SHALIVAHANA SHAKA*

THE DAY SHALIVAHANA, THE SON OF A DESTITUTE WIDOW, BECAME THE EMPEROR OF UJJAYINI, IS OBSERVED AS NEW YEAR'S DAY, TO THIS DAY IN MAHARASHTRA, KARNATAKA AND OTHER PARTS OF INDIA.

*ERA

GAUTAMIPUTRA SATAKARNI AND THE SAKA CALENDAR

A coin struck by Gautamiputra Satakarni, bearing his image on it

Many tales are told about the nobility of Shalivahana, who is usually identified with Gautamiputra (meaning son of Gautami) Satakarni, a Satavahana ruler. The Satavahanas ruled over an empire in central and southern India, with their capital in Prathishthana, now the town of Paithan in Maharashtra.

Gautamiputra was celebrated for his crushing defeats of many of the foreign tribes then ruling over parts of India, including the Yavanas (the Indo-Greeks). He is especially famed for his victory over the Scythian Sakas, along with their leader Nahapana. He both expanded and strengthened the Satavahana empire. He was known for his fearlessness in battle and his generosity towards his subjects.

Shalivahana is best known for establishing the Saka calendar. The calendar was established in 78 CE, with that year as Year 0, so the year 2012 CE becomes 1935 in the Saka Calendar. It is thought that he established it on the date of his victory over King Vikramaditya of Ujjaiyini – though the historical Gautamiputra's defeat of the Sakas is sometimes also assigned the same date. Shalivahana's calendar begins with the month of Chaitra, which corresponds with mid-March in the Gregorian calendar. In some states, including Maharashtra, Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka, the first day of Chaitra is celebrated as the first day of the new year.

WHICH OF THE ACKs HAVE YOU STILL NOT READ?

EPICS AND MYTHOLOGY
Best known stories from the Epics and the Puranas

Abhimanyu
Agastya
Andhaka
Aniruddha
Aruni And Uttanka
Ashwini Kumars
Ayyappan
Bahubali
Bhanumati
Bheema And Hanuman
Bheeshma
Chandrahasa
Dasharatha
Dhruva And Ashtavakra
Draupadi
Drona
Elephanta
Gandhari
Ganesha
Ganesha And The Moon
Ganga
Garuda
Ghatotkacha
Hanuman
Hanuman To The Rescue
Harischandra
Heroes Of Hampi
Indra And Shachi
Indra And Shibi
Indra And Vritra
Jagannatha Of Puri
Jayadratha
Kacha And Devayani
Karna
Karttikeya
Konark
Krishna
Krishna And Jarasandha
Krishna And Narakasura
Krishna And Rukmini
Krishna And Shishupala
Krishna And The False Vaasudeva
Kubera
Kumbhakarna
Mahabharata
Mahiravana
Nachiketa
Nahusha
Nala Damayanti
Pareekshit
Parashurama
Prabhavati
Pradyumna
Prahlad
Purushottam Dev And Padmavati
Rama
Ravana Humbled
Saraswati
Sati And Shiva
Savitri
Shiva Parvati
Stories of Creation
Subhadra
Sudama
Sukanya
Surya
Tales From The Upanishads
Tales Of Arjuna
Tales Of Balarama
Tales Of Durga
Tales Of Indra
Tales Of Narada
Tales Of Shiva
Tales Of Vishnu
Tales Of Yudhishthira
Tapati
Thanjavur
The Churning Of The Ocean
The Gita
The Golden Mongoose
The King In A Parrot's Body
The Lord Of Lanka
The Pandava Princes
The Pandavas In Hiding
The Parijata Tree
The Sons Of Rama
The Syamantaka Gem
Tirupati
Tripura
Uloopi
Vaishno Devi
Vali
Vishwamitra
Yayati

VISIONARIES
Inspiring tales of thinkers, social reformers and nation builders

Adi Shankara
Albert Einstein
Anant Pai
Babasaheb Ambedkar
Basaveshwara
Buddha
Chaitanya Mahaprabhu
Chanakya
Chokha Mela
Dayananda
Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das
Eknath
Fa Hien
Ghanshyamdas Birla
Guru Arjan
Guru Gobind Singh
Guru Har Gobind
Guru Nanak
Guru Tegh Bahadur
Hiuen Tsang
J.R.D Tata
Jagadis Chandra Bose
Jamsetji Tata
Jawaharlal Nehru
Jayaprakash Narayan
Jim Corbett
Jnaneshwar
Kabir
Kalidasa
Lal Bahadur Shastri
Lokmanya Tilak
M. S. Subbulakshmi
Madhvacharya
Mahavira
Marie And Pierre Curie
Megasthenes
Mirabai
Mother Teresa
Narayan Guru
Rabindranath Tagore
Ram Shastri
Ramana Maharshi
Ramanuja
Salim Ali
Shankar Dev
Soordas
Sri. Ramakrishna
Srinivasa Ramanujan
Subramania Bharati
Swami Chinmayananda
Swami Pranavananda
Tales Of Sai Baba
Tansen
Tulsidas
Vidyasagar
Vivekananda
Zarathushtra

INDIAN CLASSICS
Enchanting tales from Indian literature

Ananda Math
Ancestors Of Rama
Devi Choudhurani
Durgesh Nandini
Kadambari
Kannagi
Kapala Kundala
Kumanan
Maarthaanda Varma
Malavika
Manonmani
Prince Jivaka
Raj Singh
Ratnavali
Shakuntala
The Adventures Of Pratapan
The Elusive Kaka
Udayana
Urvashi
Vasantasena
Vasavadatta
Veer Dhaval

FABLES AND HUMOUR
Evergreen folktales, legends and tales of wisdom and humour

A Bag Of Gold Coins
Amrapali
Andher Nagari
Angulimala
Bikal The Terrible
BIRBAL STORIES
Birbal The Clever
Birbal The Genius
Birbal The Just
Birbal The Wise
Birbal The Witty
Birbal To The Rescue
The Inimitable Birbal
Chandralalat
Dhola And Maru
Friends And Foes
Gopal And The Cowherd
Gopal The Jester
HITOPADESHA TALES
Choice Of Friends
How Friends Are Parted
Hothal
JATAKA TALES
Battle Of Wits
Bird Stories
Deer Stories
Elephant Stories
Jackal Stories
Monkey Stories
Nandi Vishala
Stories Of Courage
Stories Of Wisdom
Tales Of Misers
The Deadly Feast
The Giant And The Dwarf
The Hidden Treasure
The Magic Chant
The Mouse Merchant
True Friends
Kanwal And Kehar
Kesari The Flying Thief
King Kusha
Manduka
PANCHATANTRA TALES
Crows And Owls
How The Jackal Ate The Elephant
The Brahmin And The Goat
The Dullard
The Greedy Mother-in-law
The Jackal And The Wardrum
Raman Of Tenali
Raman The Matchless Wit
Sahasramalla
Sakshi Gopal
Satwant Kaur
Sharan Kaur
Shrenik
Sukhu And Dukhu
Sundari
Tales Of Maryada Rama
The Acrobat
The Adventures Of Agad Datta
The Adventures Of Baddu And Chhotu
The Bridegroom's Ring
The Celestial Necklace
The Clever Dancer
The Cowherd Of Alawi
The Fearless Boy
The Fool's Disciples
The Golden Sand
The Green Demon
The Unhappy Tiger
The Learned Pandit
The Lost Prince
The Magic Grove
The Miraculous Conch
The Mystery Of The Missing Gift
The Pandit And The Milkmaid
The Pig And The Dog
The Pious Cat
The Priceless Gem
The Prince And The Magician
The Prophecy
The Queen's Necklace
The Rainbow Prince
The Secret Of The Talking Bird
The Silent Teacher
The Tiger And The Woodpecker
The Tiger Eater
Thugsen
Vidyut Chora
Vikramaditya's Throne

BRAVEHEARTS
Stirring tales of brave men and women of India

A Nation Awakes
Ahilyabai Holkar
Ajatashatru
Akbar
Amar Singh Rathor
Ashoka
Babur
Bagha Jatin
Bajirao I
Baladitya And Yashodharma
Balban
Banda Bahadur
Bappa Rawal
Beni Madho And Pir Ali
Bhagat Singh
Bidhi Chand
Bimbisara
Chand Bibi
Chandra Shekhar Azad
Chandragupta Maurya
Chennamma Of Keladi
Dara Shukho And Aurangazeb
Durgadas
Ellora Caves
Hakka And Bukka
Hari Singh Nalwa
Harsha
Hemu
Humayun
Jahangir
Jallianwala Bagh
Kalpana Chawla
Kochunni
Krishnadeva Raya
Kunwar Singh
Lachit Barphukan
Lalitaditya
Mangal Pande
Noor Jahan
Padmini
Panna And Hadi Rani
Paurava And Alexander
Prithviraj Chauhan
Raja Bhoja
Raja Raja Chola
Rana Kumbha
Rana Pratap
Rana Sanga
Rani Abbakka
Rani Durgavati
Rani Of Jhansi
Ranjit Singh
Rash Bihari Bose
Roopmati
Sambhaji
Samudra Gupta
Sea Route To India
Shah Jahan
Shalivahana
Shantala
Sher Shah
Shivaji
Subhas Chandra Bose
Sultana Razia
Surjya Sen
Tachcholi Othenan
Tales Of Shivaji
Tanaji
Tenzing Norgay
The Historic City Of Delhi
The Rani Of Kittur
Tipu Sultan
Veer Hammir
Veer Savarkar
Velu Thampi
Vikramaditya

CONTEMPORARY CLASSICS
(New Category)
The best of modern Indian literature

The Blue Umbrella

Titles available in English and other Regional languages on www.amarchitrakatha.com